

TAKING THE LADY'S ARM.

And now another great question confronts us: Is it correct to take a woman's arm when walking with her? This question has been made acute by Kaiser William, who has issued an edict that officers of the German army must not take the arm of a woman companion, not even if she is his wife. This is a simple rule. Men are getting too free with women anyhow. An officer at Fort Sheridan says: "Any gentleman knows it is incorrect to take a woman's arm except in case of invalidism or danger." And a noted authority on these matters in Chicago is quoted as saying: "Only a bore would take a lady's arm except to hand her to a carriage if her hands were engaged with her gown, or in the event of danger or illness." This doctrine is generally repudiated in society these days, says the Ohio State Journal. It ought not to be, because it encourages dignity and respect. There is a certain distance between the sexes that should never be forgotten and when it is the natural courtesy between the man and woman easily disappears. It is hard to say it, yet this slight familiarity is a step toward making the woman seem more common than she ought to be. There is a fashion in this winter's coats that discourages this doubtful arm habit, and that is where the sleeve is so big and awkward that it is hard to find the arm. How do we know? Our wife has one.

Major F. M. Ashburn of the Army Medical corps has unearthed some strange things in China as a result of his studies of tropical diseases. He reports to the United States war department that he found three giants each about eight feet high. Two of them were gate-keepers at a zoological garden, one of them apparently normal except for his great size, while, says the major, the other man had a harsh resonant, deep, bass voice, such as I had never heard before. Many bald-headed women attracted the major's attention, and these women attempted to hide their baldness "by the use of black paint or stain which merely looked dirty." Major Ashburn discovered a strange predilection of the Chinese doctors for plasters and paste, and he declared "it is a rare Chinaman who does not have a plaster stuck on some part of his anatomy." Finally he discovered that the practice of foot binding to reduce the size is carried on by the Chinese women to such an excess as sometimes to necessitate the amputation of the foot.

Edwin C. Martin, author of "Our Own Weather," says that cold waves average three or four a year. They are less likely to occur in prevailing cold winters than in winters like the present marked by stretches of mildness. The weather bureau has "standardized" the cold wave, according to time and place. "Along the Gulf coast there must be to constitute a cold wave a fall in temperature within the period of twenty-four hours of at least sixteen degrees; and in other districts there must be a fall of at least twenty degrees. In the colder regions the fall must be also to at least zero in the colder months, December, January and February. But in November and March a fall to 10 above zero will suffice. Along the Gulf and in Florida a fall at any time to only the freezing point (32 degrees) is enough."

For hotel clerks, chorus girls, dramatic and operatic impresarios and commercial exploiters who want to put on a front, the diamond is a necessity of life, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Some cynics say that the future of grand opera in New York depends absolutely on box displays in which the diamond is the keynote. Yet a nefarious and shameless trust, controlling the production of the diamond, has just announced its policy or reiterated the announcement of its policy to restrict production. The De Beers syndicate owns that production could be doubled with profit, but it prefers to run up prices instead.

An eastern doctor says that more married people than single people go insane. That proves nothing against marriage, for insanity as a rule does not develop in the young, and the vast majority of people who reach maturity marry. Often it happens that because there are obstacles to their marriage people go insane.

The medical fraternity is in marked disagreement on the subject of radium as a cancer cure. Opposed to Dr. Kelly's confidence in the new remedy is the assertion of Dr. William H. Campbell, director of the radium clinic of Pennsylvania, who told a house committee at Washington that "radium causes the disintegration of the tissue of the cancer, but something is created in that disintegration which is absorbed by the blood and which kills many patients."

And now it is asserted by a European that steam heat mars the beauty of American women. But let him consider how beautiful they are in spite of steam heat, and let him be grateful for steam heat, without which their beauty undoubtedly would drive all the Europeans crazy.

Jerusalem is to have a street car line. Now all that it needs is a moving picture show to be right up in line with twentieth century civilization.

BUILDING A ROMANCE

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.

"Well, mother, it's time for me to be on my way to the depot." "Be careful, Bessie, and don't take the wrong train." "Oh, I shall ask at least 50 people if it's the right one." "And be sure you are not carried past Redford." "I shall be out on the platform and waiting." "The name of the station is Redford, isn't it?" "Is sure is, mother, and don't you get it mixed up with Red Hill or Red Head." "And Kitty St. Clair will be there to meet you?" "Yes, unless she is laid up with a broken leg." "You may be killed in a railroad wreck before you get there." "If I am I'll telephone you. I'm off."

"Just another word, Bessie. Mrs. St. Clair is a sober, sedate woman, and you and Kitty must not go to cutting up or she'll be shocked."

"Not a cut-up, mother. There, now!"

And about the same hour Mrs. St. Clair, at her country home, was saying to her daughter, Kitty:

"This is the day when your friend, Bessie, comes down?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, we must give her a good visit. I didn't say she was rather sedate?"

"She's almost as solemn as a grave-stone."

"I'm glad of that, for she will act as a check on you. You have spirit enough for any three girls. I do hope that while she is here you won't act quite so like a boy!"

"I shall go around with tears in my eyes and my hands tied behind me!"

An hour later there was a meeting at the country station that was witnessed only by the old depot master and a small boy.

"Oh, Bessie!"

"Hip, burrah!"

"Whoop-la!"

"I'm so glad!"

And after kissing each other exactly 15 times they joined hands and went walking up and down the platform and then drove away in the pony cart.

The old man and the boy looked after them in astonishment, and the boy exclaimed:

"Oh, but did you ever see anything like it?"

"My son," answered the man with a sad shake of his head, "that's what you've got to come to."

"What? Turn into a gal?"

"You've got to marry a gal like one of them, and she'll make it so blamed rapid for you that you'll be a lunatic in less than a year."

When the girls had arrived and the stranger had been welcomed to her room, Mrs. St. Clair's face wore a troubled look, and she said to herself:

"I don't see anything as solemn as a grave-stone about that girl. On the contrary, she looks like a girl that would turn a somersault off a haystack any day in the week. I hope they won't get to carrying on too high."

And upstairs there was giggling and titling and jumping over chairs and exclaiming:

"Oh, but won't we make Rome howl when we get at it?"

It was three or four days before there was any howling. Then one day the girls got on their old skirts and set off to view the country, as they termed it. As they were ready to go Mrs. St. Clair felt it her motherly duty to say:

"At this season of the year there are lots of snakes, you know!"

"We shall carry clubs to kill them with."

"You know there is a dangerous bull in Black's pasture?"

"Yes, but he won't hurt a couple of demure maidens."

The circus performance was out and each had a tail-hold on a calf and was running round when the small boy of the depot came trotting up with his eyes bulging out.

"Hello, bub, does your mother know you're out?"

"Yes, and somebody knows you're out, too!" he replied.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, a guy with a kodak has been follerin' you for the last hour and makin' snap-shots!"

"Oh, Kitty!"

"Oh, Bessie!"

"Boy, why didn't you come and tell us sooner?"

"I wanted to, but the feller said he'd knock my eyeball off if I did!"

"Where is he now?"

"The last I saw of him he was going down to them willers by the creek."

"How many shots did he take?"

"More'n 20! He began when you sat on the fence a-sassin' the bull."

"Did he say what he was going to do with the photographs?"

"I guess they are for the movies!"

"My stars, Kitty!" wailed Miss Bessie, "but just think of it! My folks will surely turn me out doors!"

"I am thinking of it. Boy, do you know what a hero is?"

"Yes'm. Buffalo Bill is one."

"Will you be a hero for 50 cents?"

"Sure, Mike!"

"Then lead the way down to the willows. If the man is there the three of us will pitch into him and destroy his kodak and plates. He shall not get away with them! Lead on, young hero!"

As they broke through the fringe of willows into an open space they came upon a young man seated on the grass with his kodak and other things lying about. In his hand he held a large grasshopper and was studying him through a microscope. He had barely raised his head when the boy hero cried out:

"Tis the villain! Charge him!"

Mr. Burt Allen was charged. His kodak was kicked sky-high and his plates scattered over the grass.

"Whoop!" shouted the hero.

"There!" gasped both girls in chorus.

"Young ladies," said the kodak man as he rose and lifted his hat, "permit me to introduce myself as Mr. Burt Allen, naturalist, and connected with Yale college. At the same time may I have the honor of asking the cause of this violent attack upon my property?"

"You have been following and spying upon us!" answered Miss Kitty.

"I pledge you my word that I did not know you were afield until a moment ago."

"And you have not taken snap-shots of us?"

"Upon my word, no! The films are all of bugs and insects to be enlarged. What gave you such a wrong idea?"

"Why, the boy here said—"

The boy started to make a sneak, but was collared by Miss Kitty.

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Allen.

"That you had followed us for over two hours, making snap-shots for the movies."

"The young liar!"

The bold on the young hero's collar was transferred to his strong fingers and there was about to be a vigorous shake-up when there was a wall and a sob, and the lad cried out:

"I lied about it!"

"But why?"

DIZZY, HEADACHY, SICK, "CASCARETS"

Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headache, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

Quite So. "There's nothing to order here but soft drinks."

"Isn't that hard luck?"

THE BEST TREATMENT FOR ITCHING SCALPS, DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, the following special treatment is most effective, agreeable and economical.

On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make parting, gently rubbing Cuticura Ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the Cuticura Ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair. It is well to place a light covering over the hair to protect the pillow from possible stain. The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this special treatment for women's hair.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Hadn't Forgotten Hubby. "I have always been suspicious of good things," said a well-known New York lawyer, who has a reputation for a large philosophy. "I remember when I was a young man I had an opportunity to get in on the ground floor of what looked to me like a load of easy money."

"I consulted one of the old time conservative men of Wall street. He smiled and said: 'Listen to this story and then decide:'

"A wife arriving home in high spirits tells her husband she has purchased a new bonnet. 'And, sweetheart,' she said, kissing him. 'I got something for you too.'"

"'Good!' exclaimed the happy husband. 'What is it?'"

"The bill," she said."

Quite Evident. "I cannot imagine," said the fair maid to her nervous visitor, "why you are so uneasy."

"And yet," murmured the caller, with his eye on the door, "the case is a parent."

Odd Coincidence. Artist—Your wife has such a mobile face. Husband—That's queer. We've only just got one.

His Specialty. "Cupid is no doctor of philosophy," "Perhaps not, but he can take in any number of bachelors of art."

NOT A MIRACLE Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time."

"My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not believe it, and still drank coffee until I could not leave my room."

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months."

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

CANADA WINNING CHAMPIONSHIPS IN AGRICULTURE

The Latest Is Winning Championship for Oats a Third Time.

Recently was published the fact of remarkable winnings by Canadian farmers in several events during the past three or four years. The latest is that of Messrs. J. C. Hill & Sons of Lloydminster, Saskatchewan, who won in a hard contest for the oat championship over Montana. At the National Corn Exposition at Dallas during February, Montana oats were awarded the championship for the United States. Waiting for the winner of this to be announced was a peck of oats belonging to the Canadian growers above mentioned, and alongside of these was a like quantity belonging to a Minnesota grower, who was barred from the regular competition because he was at one time the winner of the trophy—the prize. The three entries were side by side on the judge's bench. It would not be possible to bring together three more likely samples. The Montana and Saskatchewan entries were of equal weight—50 pounds to the bushel. The Minnesota sample was some three pounds lighter. The award was unanimous in favor of the Saskatchewan oats. A remarkable feat and one greatly to the credit of the Canadian product was that the oats, grown in 1913, were grown and shown by those who had competed during the past two years, winning on each occasion. This, the third winning, gave them for the third time the world's championship and full possession of the splendid \$1,500 silver trophy contributed by the state of Colorado.

The oats which have thus given to Western Canada another splendid advertising card, were grown 300 miles north of the international boundary line, proving that in this latitude, all the smaller grains can be grown with greater perfection and with more abundant yield than further south. In all this country are to be found farmers who produce oats running from 42 to 48 pounds to the bushel, and with yields of from 60 to 100 bushels per acre. Wheat also does well, grades high, and yields from 30 to 40 bushels per acre. The same may be said of any portion of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, famed over the world not only as a country where championship grains are grown, but where cattle and horses are raised that also carry off championships and where wild grasses are abundant, yielding, cultivated hay and alfalfa are grown, thus giving plenty of feed, and with a good climate, sufficient shelter and plenty of water, bring about results such as western Canada has been able to record. Thousands of farmers from the United States who have their homes in Canada bear ample testimony to the benefits they have derived from farming in western Canada.—Advertisement.

She Won. "Miss Passee was sitting on Mr. Spoonleigh's knee last night. Is she still in the race for a husband?"

"Yes, but I guess this will be her last lap."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

Some men wait for things to turn up, and some others turn them up while they wait.

A food for sore lungs, Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops, Cure coughs, by relieving the soreness—See at Drug Stores.

Babies can't say what they think while cutting teeth. Lucky, isn't it?

MAKES HARD WORK HARDER. A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

AN ILLINOIS CASE. Q. L. Farrand, 1818 St. Louis Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "My wife required much horseback riding and the constant riding weakened my kidneys. I had terrible backaches and was often laid up for months. I couldn't turn in bed without help. I lost my appetite. Three doctors treated me, but I took Doan's Kidney Pills and my kidneys were cured. I have since enjoyed good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. Men's \$1.25 to \$2.50. Women's \$1.00 to \$2.00. \$1.50 a pair. The only shoes that are made in the U. S. A. and are guaranteed to give you the best of service.

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The ONLOOKER HENRY HOWLAND

ALWAYS READY to be CHEATED

If you wish to get rich in a hurry, invent some ridiculous scheme or a hoodwinking people—don't worry. No matter how poor it may seem, promise something for nothing; the planer.

It is that your plan is a fake. The sure that you'll be the gather, the sure the thing is to take.

It would be most deliciously funny. If it weren't so tragic, alas! To watch people handing in money.

Where there's a chance of getting it back; it is useless to warn or advise them. For the wise man by whom they are checked.

Is hated as one who denies them. The triumph they vainly expect.

They'll regard you with cunning suspicion. If your plan is a feasible one; if you offer a fair proposition. They will cling to their purses and run; but if you'd get rich in a hurry. Propose some ridiculous scheme; The crowd will be eager—don't worry—No matter how "punky" it may seem.

CANDID OPINION.

There are many people who are so constituted physically that they could not use food for thought if they were supplied with it.

It is always hard for an invalid to stick to his diet when he is dining at the expense of somebody else.

Every woman who has a son hopes he will remain a bachelor, so little faith has she in the rest of the members of her sex.

To some women life is nothing but going from one style to another.

Some women fade quickly, being at their best no longer than a warship.

The man who would not trust anybody else gives himself a poor recommendation.

Provoking. "Confound it!" exclaimed the insurgent general.

It was evident that he was provoked. "What's the matter, old man?" asked one of the war correspondents.

"We'll have to fight yesterday's battle all over again, and just as likely as not we will get licked next time. The moving picture people say their films were ruined by being accidentally dropped in the mud."

Tri